Kind Hearts.

Let but the heart be beautiful,
And I care not for the face;
I heed not that the form may want
Pride, dignity and grace.
Let the mind be filled with glowing thoughts,
And the soul with sympathy,
And I care not if the cheek be pale,
Or the eye lack brilliancy.

What though the cheek be beautiful—
It soon must lose its bloom;
The eye's bright lustre soon will fade
In the dark and silent tomb;
But the glory of the mind will live
Though the joyous life depart,
And the magic charm can never die
Of a true and noble heart.

The lips that utter gentle words
Have a beauty all their own,
And more I prize a kindly voice
Than music's sweetest tone;
And though its sounds are harsh or shrill,
If the heart within beats free,
And echoes back each glad impulse,
'Tis all the world to me.

From the Home Journal.

A Contented Life.

BY JAMES SACK.

(At Thirty.)

Five hundred dollars I have saved—
A rather moderate store—
No matter; I shall be content
When I've a little more.

(At Forty.)

Well, I can count ten thousand now—
That's better than before;
And I may well be satisfied
When I've a little more.

(At Fifty.)

Some fifty thousand—pretty well—
But I have earned it sore;
However, I shall not complain
When I've a little more.

(At Sixty.)

One hundred thousand—sick and old—
Ah! life is half a bore!
Yet I can be content to live
When I've a little more.

(At Seventy.)

He dies—and to his greedy heirs—
He leaves a countless store;
His wealth has purchased him a tomb—
And very little more!

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A Leaf for the Little Ladies.

THE RUBY AND THE CORN-SEED.

"I was found in the bed of a river at the island of Ceylon," said the Ruby to the little grain of corn. "Ganem the slave found me, and his eyes sparkled with joy when he beheld me; for I was to all the other rubies in the bed as the morn is to the stars. The slave-owner gave each year a large reward to him who found the finest ruby, and I was the largest and reddest ever known. It took me three hundred years to grow! Ganem took me up carefully and held me to the sun—which in my native place is brighter in winter than in this cold country at the height of summer. I glistened like a red star. He carried me off in triumph to his master, who shouted for joy when he beheld me; then he gave Ganem a large reward, set a great price upon me, and packed me up in an ivory casket, with soft feathers and down for me to rest on, and all alone—not like the common rubies, that were piled up on top of one another. He took me to the captain of a large ship, and said: "This is a fine ruby, fit for a princess!"

"He thought I did not hear him, but I did, and sparkled all the while; and as soon as the captain was instructed what to do with me, we sailed away. When we were half way over the sea, he took me from the case and showed me to some beautiful ladies, who immediately fell longing to possess me: but I was too costly for them: and great honors awaited me in the country you call England. So I came over the broad sea, and on the first day after our arrival the captain took me to the lapidary's, that I might be put in gold, and otherwise fitted for the service of a princess.

"Every body who saw me wondered at my size and brilliancy, and I was given to the most skilful workman to be carved and polished."

"That must have hurt you very much," said the Corn-seed modestly, "to be carved and polished into all those squares!"

"Not at all," said the Ruby: "it only shows us off the better. It took the man three weeks to carve me; and the merchant to whom I was sold came every day to see how I was going on. When every thing was finished, he took me to a place full of gold and silver and bright stones—but I was the brightest of all; and all the people in the street stopped to look at me, exclaiming: "What a beautiful ruby!"

"One day there came a young lady, the fairest I had ever seen—perhaps you never saw a lady!" said the Ruby, interrogatively, to the Corn-seed.

"No," replied the Corn-seed; "only the village girls that came gleaning."

"Well," answered Ruby, in the tone of one who prides himself on knowing a thing or two; "well, a young lady is the most beautiful thing in the world—except a ruby; and this was the most beautiful of all ladies, and a real princess. There was a tall gentleman with her, and I saw at a glance that he was in love with this princess. They bought diamonds and emeralds, the best of all there were, and then 'my lord'—they all called him lord—took the princess back to her carriage; but as he went out I caught his eye, and he came back and looked at me, taking a little gold band out of a case he had to measure me by, then he purchased me for a large sum of gold, and put me in the case with the plain gold band—this was called the wedding-ring—and we soon became friends.

"I was taken home to a grand palace, and my lord put a little scrap of paper by my side, and told another lady to lay me on *her* pillow: so at night, when they were all asleep, I was taken into her room and laid down beside her. All this while she slept, and I could feel her soft warm breath. Once she laid her hand so that it touched me; and I blushed redder than ever. It was summer, and the sun stole through the curtains very early, and its beams lighted me up like a red fire, when she woke and found me lying there.

"I never can tell you," continued the pompous Ruby, "the delight she showed on beholding me! She kissed me over and over again, holding me now in the sun, now in the shade, and trying me by turns on every finger. She read the note that had lain by my side over and over again. Ladies came to dress her, and I all the while lay on her table. They robed her in silk, and put orange-blossoms in her hair; and when every thing was finished, she put me on her dainty finger.—There was a long train of ladies, but none were half so beautiful as she. We all went in carriages to a beautiful church, where my lord was waiting for us, and they began to be married. When she took off her glove, I sparkled so that nobody could help looking at me; and when the lord saw me, he blushed, and raised his eyes to hers, quite full of joy: then he said some words, and put the gold band on the next finger to me, and all the people looked at me the while."

"Were you much grander," said the Seed, "than all the beautiful ladies?"

"Oh! yes," says Ruby: "I was brighter and fairer than all. We went over the sea to lands where every thing is more beautiful than here; and wherever her grace went, I went too. We never parted even while she slept, till I was taken off her finger to be set and polished again, when the young lord stole me for a plaything and let me drop here. But I know she cannot live without me, and to-morrow they will fetch me back again."

The Ruby and the Seed were lying close together, in one of those verdant green lanes that make the country so beautiful. All through spring and summer it was full of sweet flowrs. The May was there, in "tufts of rosy-tinted snow." Primroses grew in clusters on the banks among the moss; and foxgloves and blue-bells, and all the sweet wild-flowers, were there. How many of us, dear reader, remember such a scene, associated with the dearest recollections of our lives!

It was autumn: the little grain of seed had fallen from the bundle of a village-gleaner as she passed home, laughing with her companions, through the lane, with the shock upon her head. The ruby had been dropped by the children from the Abbey, while they played there in the morning.

So they came to lie side by side in the still green lane, when the Ruby told its grand history to the Seed. But with all its fine airs, that little Seed didn't envy it—no; though it looked at its bright color cut in so many squares, and the gold chased round with flowers. It looked at its own plain brown coat, with the white seam running down it, and thought of its quiet life and the mission it had to fill on earth.

"Pray tell me," said the Ruby, "how you live here: it must be wearisome to drone away one's life in these dull fields. I never was in the country here before."

"Oh! I have not seen much; and it will not interest you, who came from so fine a country," said the Seed. "My parent was a seed just like myself, and early last spring was put in a field not far from here, with hundreds of other seeds, and the rain fell, and the sun brought it into life: so its roots spread out in the earth; then it unfolded a tiny leaf, as green as emeralds; then there came a stem from among the blades, and folded in this was a tiny ear, that held a hundred homes, and each home had its baby grain, and the ear grew till, one summer day, it burst out of the leaves, and stood straight on the stem, and each little grain was folded in a leaf; so nothing could hurt it. The field looked beautiful! All the long ears waved at once, and rose again when the breeze had passed away. There was a lark's nest on the ground where I grew, and they used to fly up into heaven and fill all the fields with music. The little grains grew larger every day, and silver bell-like flowers came out on every grain, and trembled all day long in the sunlight. When they fell off, all the ears caught the color of the sun, and changed from green to gold, and ripened: so that the farmer came and cut us all down, and frightened away the larks, setting us in large shocks about the field. All but a few ears were carried away in a large wagon far out of the field. I fell out of the bundle, and the gleaners picked me up; but I was shaken from the rest as they carried them home—so we came to lie together."

"What were those birds like?" said the Ruby, very patronizingly, for it had compared the Seed's history with its own experience, and was disposed to assert its superiority.

"Covered all over with white spots," replied the Seed; "brown and white, with black bars on their wings, and long, slender legs, that took them all over the field to find food for their young ones."

"Ha!" said Ruby, "you should see the birds in my country: they are all purple and gold—some nearly as bright as myself!"

"And do they sing sweetly?" asked the Seed.

"All day and night, and all through the year, for we have no winter there. The corn grows as high as your trees, and every house is a palace."

It was getting dark, and the laborers were coming home through this lane, talking, and the Ruby said to itself: "They will see me, and I shall be taken to the Abbey; but they must not find me talking to this poor Seed."

So it stopped boasting about its own country, and the seed lay still, thinking how grand it must be; for it didn't know the Ruby was false and deceitful, depreciating all the things around, that it might seem the grander itself.

One of the men set his heavy heel on the Ruby, and bent the gold out of form, crushing it into the earth almost out of sight; now his heel went on the Seed too, and pressed that into the ground; but it was elastic, and gave way to the pressure; so when the foot was gone it resumed its proper form: but there lay the Ruby, dirty and hidden; so there was no chance of its being found.—The Seed was quite lost, so it spent the night in discontented regrets at its hard fortune.

Winter came with snow and rain; the fields were white with frost. There were no leaves and no flowers in the lane now, but the Seed and Ruby were still there.—They never spoke now: the Seed was getting ready for the spring, and quite tired of the pompous histories about the Ruby country.

The snow melted, and the white blossom came out on the leafless black thorn; the violets came, and the primroses peeped out of the moss on the banks. A little green blade came up by the side of the Ruby, which lay there blacker than ever; for the snow, which warmed the Seed, had tarnished its golden coat.

The sun shone; the birds sang; the rain fell, and the blade became a stem, and the stem grew into an ear, just as the Seed described. It didn't heed the Ruby now: it was busy being useful. The silver-bells came out, and fell away; the ear grew gold and ripe, and a little child plucked it. Now it happened that she who plucked the ear had a garden by her cottage, and when spring came again, she scattered the grains of corn from that ear upon the ground, and they came up and multiplied as the Seed from which they sprang had done in the lane; and when the autumn came they were garnered, and there was enough to plant a field; so the laborer, whose little daughter Alice had plucked the ear, went to the farmer, who lent him a field to grow his corn in. Half was to be the farmer's for the land, and half his who had the seed: and when the summer came, there was a beautiful field full of corn, waving in the sunlight; and they called it Alice's field, because she got the first seed, and when the corn was ripe, they gathered it, the farmer half and the laborer half; and there was enough to feed them all the winter and plant again in spring. This was all being performed by the one little Seed the Ruby had spoken so slightingly to while it was lying black and useless in the earth.

Let us be thankful to the corn-seed: it is a jewel worth more than all the rubies of Ceylon, richer than emerald or diamond.—Lay these in the earth, they are dull and fruitless; but the seed will grow and multiply to feed the hungry!

MORAL.

Though vain pretensions may win credence for an hour, Truth will triumph in the end, and usefulness meet with its reward.

Letter from Hon. Howell Cobb.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 9th, 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—Your letter of the 5th inst. has just reached me. The limited time allowed for action induces me to comply with your request for a "prompt" answer and I shall endeavor to make it equally "candid."

I sympathise fully in your apprehensions for the future of our country. It cannot be disguised that both the safety of the South and the integrity of the Union are seriously threatened.—It is my honest conviction that the issue depends upon the action of the Southern people at this important Juncture. A firm, wise, and unfaltering policy on the part of the South will give security to her own rights, and peace and quiet to the Union. Any other course will be equally fatal to the preservation of the one and the maintenance of the other. Like yourselves, I have looked to the National Democratic party as the only political organization in which the sound constitutional elements of the whole country could be brought into united, cordial co-operation. With this conviction, I witnessed the proceedings of the late Charleston Convention with intense anxiety, and deeply regretted the causes which led to its disruption.

In considering the proper course now to be pursued we should understand distinctly the reason of the failure of that Convention to agree upon a platform and candidate for the support of the Democratic party. If the differences which led to the results at Charleston are immaterial and unimportant, then there is no cause for trouble or apprehension. The public mind should promptly pronounce them to be so, and they should be dismissed from our thoughts as unworthy of further consideration. Are the people prepared to pronounce this judgment?—The answer to this inquiry involves, in my opinion, the future destiny of the South. There were two points of difference at Charleston which produced the disruption of the convention—1st, the platform of the party on the subject of slavery; 2nd, the nomination of a proper candidate for the Presidency.

The fifteen Southern States, in common with the two Democratic States of the Pacific, agreed upon a platform, which recognized the equality of the Southern States, and the right of their citizens to go with their property into the common Territory of the Union—claiming for them and their property the same protection which the Constitution and laws of the land extend to their brethren of the non-slaveholding States and their property—nothing more—nothing less. The seventeen States which, with perfect unanimity, agreed upon this platform, are all of them certain Democratic States. The candidates to be nominated by the Democratic party for President and Vice President must receive their votes to give them the slightest prospect of success.—The remaining sixteen States, by virtue of their superior numbers in the convention refused to recognize these principles. They did not assert by the platform they adopted, antagonistic principles to those agreed upon by the Southern and Democratic States. Their policy was to leave the question an open issue, so far as any declaration of principles was concerned, but to give a practical construction to their platform by the nomination of a candidate whose chief claim to the nomination grew out of his known hostility to the doctrine for which the Southern and Democratic States contended. The seventeen Democratic States were prepared to unite upon any true and worthy man for the Presidency. There was on their part no disposition whatever to force upon their brethren of the other States a candidate unacceptable to them. The issue on their part was for principle and success, involving no consideration of mere personal advancement of a favorite candidate. The sixteen opposition States on the other hand, not only refused to unite upon the platform offered to them by their brethren of the Democratic States, but struggled to force upon the party the nomination of Judge Douglas, against the stern and united voice of every certain Democratic State in the Union.

I venture to assert that such a spectacle was never before presented in the history of a party convention. The States were as nearly equally divided as it was possible for them to be; on one side was every Democratic State, and on the other all the opposition States; and the latter, who were not certain of giving a single vote for the candidates that might be nominated, insisted upon making both a platform and a candidate for the Democratic States to elect. There certainly could not be a more unjust distribution of responsibility and duty. Such was the condition of things at Charleston. The delegation from Georgia would not consent to the consummation of this threatened policy of the numerical majority of the convention. In common with the delegates from seven other Southern States, they withdrew from the body. Their action should be sustained by the Democracy of the State.—They were true and loyal to the trust reposed in them, and deserved the cordial approval and renewed confidence of their constituents. If they had returned from Charleston, bearing the people of Georgia the humiliating terms of surrender which the majority of the convention sought to put upon them in the platform and candidate proposed, the people would have received their report in sorrow, and spurned their candidate with indignation.

It is due to the Democracy of the sixteen States, which I have designated as opposition States, to say that I use the term "Opposition States" in no spirit of disrespect, but simply intend to designate them as States in which, unfortunately for the country, the Democratic party is a minority. In many of their delegations at Charleston there were large minorities who condemned the course and policy of their colleagues as wrong in principle and unjust to their brethren of the South. This was particularly the case in Pennsylvania and other States, to whose votes, in connection with the greatest confidence for the election of our candidates.

The truth is that the sound Democracy of the North are determined to stand by the South in this hour of trial, if the South will only be true and faithful to herself. The unwise declaration of a few Southern men in favor of the nomination of Mr. Douglas, as a matter of policy and expediency, has contributed in no small degree to the present unhappy state of things. These exceptional cases have unfortunately been mistaken in some quarters for public opinion, and will account for the otherwise unaccountable persistence with which the friends of Mr. Douglas press his nomination against the earnest protest of a united South.

I have thus briefly alluded to the difficulties in the Charleston Convention and the causes which produced them, as proper matter for consideration in determining upon the course of action which the Democracy of Georgia ought now to pursue. As the time is so short before the re-assembling of the Convention at Baltimore, I would suggest the propriety of an immediate call by the State executive Committee for the March Convention to re-assemble. It affords the best opportunity at our command for ascertaining the Democratic sentiment of the State as our future policy. When assembled I would urge upon that Convention to give the action of our delegates at Charleston their cordial approval, and authorize them in co-operation with the delegates of those States with whom they acted at Charleston, to renew at Baltimore their efforts for a settlement of the difficulties which led to the disruption at Charleston.

The course of the delegates has been so true that they are entitled to the unqualified confidence of their constituency, and can be safely trusted, without embarrassing their action with specific instructions. The endorsement of their past action will be the best instruction for their future conduct. The same delegation should be authorized to represent the State in the Convention to be held in Richmond, and if practicable, the time for the meeting of the latter Convention should be postponed to a day subsequent to the Convention at Baltimore. It would thus afford every opportunity for healing the dissensions in our party and bringing its different portions once more into united and cordial co-operation upon a sound platform and in the support of a sound candidate. I believe it can be accomplished, and it only requires firmness and decision on the part of the Southern Democracy to bring it about. You may rest assured that your true friends at the North—the men who have never deserted you to save themselves—will not force upon you terms of humiliation, and the rest will not venture to press them unless you first indicate by your action that you are prepared to surrender at discretion.

The Democracy of Georgia must now choose between the two wings of the party at the North. The one has been true and faithful in the past, and offers you every assurance of their aid and support in the future. The other abandoned you in the hour of danger and trial, and invites the renewal of your confidence, with notice in advance that you may expect in the future no better faith or greater security than you have received in the past. With the first you will certainly maintain your honor and have a fair prospect of preserving your rights. If an alliance with the latter promises any greater advantage, I confess my inability to see it.

I am, very respectfully, yours, &c.,
HOWELL COBB.

Messrs. Robert Collins, John S. Gresham, James W. Armstrong, and others, Macon Georgia.

Counterfeit Coins,

The New York Journal of Commerce, referring to the increasing frequency of counterfeit coins, makes some statements which seem calculated to raise a panic in the specie market; in fact, if some cure for such evils is not devised, the public will begin to seek bank bills as a matter of safety. A fraud has lately become common, which is stated to be far more dangerous than any former one. It is generally practised with the eagle. The piece is split into three parts, and the two outside shells containing the impression are separated from the centre. The latter is taken by the operator, and its place supplied by a filling of platina to which the outsides are fastened, the edges being re-milled and handsomely plated. This is so well done that very few experts can detect the cheat. The eagle thus loses about $5,50 of its gold, and remains equally good for general circulation. The fact that this is done at all, and the operation continued, is proof that it is carried on upon a large scale; for the exquisite machinery, and the skill necessary to success, could not be profitably employed except in an extensive business. The pieces are full weight, and except through the wonderful instinct of a rare expert cannot be detected, as they answer all tests that do not involve the breaking or cutting of the coin. The Journal of Commerce thinks that there must be at this moment, a large number of them on deposit in banks, as the number of bad pieces offered at the subtreasury has sometimes amounted to fifty or sixty dollars in a single package of five thousand. There is also a dangerous counterfeit of silver coins, which rings well, feels right to the touch, and is good weight. The New York banks, within a few days, have become a little startled by finding a sprinkling of these pieces inside their vaults, and public attention is likely to be aroused to a serious effort to abate the nuisance.

An Overruling Providence.

[Translated from the French.]

Father Beauregard* has just preached in one of the churches of the capital his beautiful sermon upon Providence, which like all his other sermons, had drawn together a considerable crowd of auditors. Upon returning home, he had just disrobed himself, in order to rest after his extreme fatigue, when a stranger was announced, desirous to see him. Taking time only to change his dress, he at once presented himself to the unknown visitor, whose manners and appearance denoted him to be an artisan.

"What do you wish, sir?" said the venerable speaker.

"To speak with you a moment," replied the stranger in a manner so agitated as at once to arrest the attention of Father Beauregard.

"Most willingly," said the preacher. "I am ready to listen. Sit down."

"I have just heard your sermon," said the artisan.

"Well I am glad of it, for I have said some things which should not be lost upon either of us."

"Oh! sir, you have certainly spoken beautifully. Nobody could have done better. You have extolled the benefits of an overruling Providence. But, sir, I do not believe in Providence. There is no Providence for me. Wait a minute, and judge for yourself. I have a wife and three children. We are honest working people who never wronged any one. Inquire about me in my neighborhood, and everybody will tell you that N. is an honest man, getting his living by the sweat of his brow; that he pays his debts; that he does not drink; that he does not play; and that he takes good care of his family."

"I can easily believe all this, my friend," interrupted Father Beauregard, much touched by the heartfelt words of his visitor, "but to what does all this lead, and what connection is there between these details and your unbelief in Providence?"

"You shall hear: you see before you a man resolved to throw himself in the river."

"Good heavens!" cried Father Beauregard, justly alarmed at his acknowledgement. "God preserve you from such a fatal step! You not only kill body, but you peril the salvation of your soul. What has given rise to such a dreadful thought?"

"Sir, I have just met with a heavy loss by the failure of a debtor. I have liabilities which become due on the 30th of this month, and I cannot meet them. It will be the first time my signature has been dishonored, and I cannot bear the idea of this disgrace. It is after having in vain solicited assistance from my friends, who would be glad to help me if they could, that I determined to drown myself."

"But, my friend, what will become of your wife, who loves you, your children who need you, if you drown yourself?" The poor man's tears answered to these interrogatories, but he replied, after a moment's pause. "When I am dead, the world will take pity on them; I cannot live to see them dishonored, to see them bear the burden of my shame."

"How was it, then, with such a frightful plan as this in contemplation, you came to hear me preach?"

"It was only by chance, sir; I had no intention of doing so. I was in the neighborhood of the church and noticed the crowd entering; mechanically, as it were, I went in with the rest; I asked who was going to preach; they told me a celebrated priest. I remained, and heard you through: all you said was very good, very fine, but it was still in the dark. I could see no Providence for me."

"What, to hear my sermon, to come and see me, to confide in me, and yet in all this you do not recognize a Providence?"

For a moment the man was silent, and then replied; "It is strange, sir, very strange, still I see no way for me to pay my debts."

During this interview, the heart of the good priest was deeply moved; he had heard the unhappy man's story, whose manners and language sufficiently attested its veracity. Without further investigation, he resolved at once to act in his behalf.

"Listen, my friend," said he to him. "I believe you to be an honest man, unfortunate through the agency of others, and I wish to help you out of your trouble. How much money will cover your debts? I am not rich, still I can contribute something towards making up the sum."

Oh! sir, you are to good! Less than three thousand francs will suffice me."

Father Beauregard rose, opened his secretary, and taking therefrom a hundred louis, returned to the poor artisan, and said: "My friend, here are a hundred louis. I should not have been able to have done this myself, but a few days since the princess Clotilde, after having heard me preach on Charity, sent me a large sum of money, begging me to use it for the benefit of the unfortunate, and to distribute it to any one whom I should judge worthy of assistance. It has already done much good, softened the ills of many; but my friend, your visit here, at this critical juncture of affairs, is in my view, a stream of light, upon the ways of God to man. Take this money, pay your debts, and believe in an overruling Providence."

Full of surprise, and overwhelming gratitude, the poor carpenter fell on his knees at the feet of the good father; he could not speak a word, but raising his streaming eyes to heaven, in a language more powerful than words, expressed the joy of his deliverance.

*Beauregard was a French Jesuit preacher, who died in Germany in 1804.

A RAILROAD TRAIN CHANGING ENGINES WHEN AT HEIGHT OF SPEED.—The lightning train which carried the New York delegates from Detroit to Chicago, on Monday, says the *Advertiser*, made but five stoppages between the points. These were at Ann Arbor, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Niles, and Calumet. At Marshall the wonderful feat of Changing engines while the train was at full speed was admirably performed. Before reaching that station the locomotive challenge was uncoupled, and shooting away from the swift pursuing train, reached the station and switched on. The Racer, the awaiting engine, started, the headless train meantime thundering on over the righted switch in pursuit of the new locomotive, and without slackening of speed the two were united without jar or confusion. The same feat was successfully performed at Michigan City, where the Racer was exchanged for the Rambler. The train from Galesburg to Kalamazoo, nine miles in ten minutes, and several times a mile per minute was accomplished. It reached Chicago ten minutes before time—viz., eight hours and thirty minutes from Detroit.

One ought to have dates at one's fingers' ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

From the National Intelligencer.

Vegetable Fibre.

In the Agricultural Report of the Patent Office, just printed, an article appears on "Vegetable Fibre," (the Websterian spelling of the word *fibre* being held to by the office.) The article, which is a brief outline of what might be filled out into a large and valuable book, contains much interesting information, and supplies a knowledge the want of which has of late years been severely felt by many persons.

The demand for vegetable fibre as the raw material for these two great classes of manufacture, of paper and of textile fabrics, has in recent times kept ahead of the supply, and the supposed discovery of some new source of material for paper-making, or of some substitute for the great textile fabric, cotton, has frequently attracted much popular attention and given rise to much commercial speculation.

It is shown in the article above referred to that paper has been made from a great variety of vegetable substance, even from such plants as mosses and seaweeds, and that it can be made from almost any thing which has a fibrous structure, no matter how short the individual fibres. Wood, especially when in the form of sawdust, is one of the most available materials, and a short description is given of the method of examination by which the value of different kinds of wood as paper-making materials may be determined, a method which is very interesting as an instance of the combined application of chemical and microscopical science. After a single microscopical examination chemical agents are applied which give one color to these vegetable cells which constitute the fibre available for paper-making, and another to the useless material which incrusts them, so that a piece of wood, almost too minute to be discerned by the naked eye, is made to appear under the microscope like a map on which the valuable and the sterile portions of territory are distinctly colored.

For the uses of the weaver and spinner vegetable cells must be either very long themselves, as in the case of cotton, whose fibre consists of a single cell of comparatively immense length, or they must be aggregated into long bundles like those which form the fibres of flax and hemp. In either case, however, it is not length alone which is requisite, but a still more important property, which is perceived upon examination with the microscope, determines, to a large extent, the value of the material. The individual cells, and also the bundles of cells which form fibres, are not simple cylinders, but, by a spiral mode of growth, they acquire a screw-like form, by means of which they interlock with other fibres, and thus hold firmly together the fabric into whose composition they enter.

As so much has been said about supplies of cotton from Asia and Africa, where the cotton plant grows readily and where labor is cheap and abundant, it may be of interest to refer to an opinion understood to have been given several years ago by the learned author of the article on fibre, Dr. G. C. Schoeffer, which has a close connection with this matter of spiral structure. He remarked that the peculiar excellence of the American cotton did not proceed altogether from the soil, the mode of culture, or the character of the plant, but was dependent mainly upon peculiarity of climate, the concurrence of heat and moisture at the critical period of maturing of the cotton being such that the cell grows rapidly and regularly, and the spiral thickening of its wall keeps pace with its elongation, making the fibre a microscopic screw of flat or ribbon-shaped form.

In other climates the spiral is irregular and interrupted, the fibres consequently hold together less perfectly, and the thread is deficient in strength and durability.

American cotton goods, which are made exclusively from American materials, have, by their reputation for durability, gained a sort of monopoly of certain markets, and the necessity of competing against such goods will be the real bar to the substitution by the European manufacture of African for American fibre.

The following is the established weight of various articles of produce:

A bushel of wheat, sixty pounds.
Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds.
Of corn on the cob, seventy pounds.
Of rye, fifty-six pounds.
Of oats, thirty-five pounds.
Of barley, forty-eight pounds.
Of potatoes, sixty pounds.
Of beans, twenty pounds.
Of clover seed, sixty-two pounds.
Of timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Of flax seed, fifty-six pounds.
Of hemp seed, forty-four pounds.
Of buckwheat, fifty-two pounds.
Of blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Of castor beans, forty-four pounds.
Of dried peaches, thirty-six pounds.
Of dried apples, twenty-four pounds.
Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Of salt, fifty pounds.

Horses should always have plenty of litter in their stables; it answers a double purpose: first by absorbing and retaining the salts of the urine that fall upon it in a considerable degree, and thus render the manure more valuable; and secondly, by preventing in any part that liability to swell, to which the feet and legs of a horse are subjected when standing on a hard or plank floor.

That which is always capable of perfection is never perfected.

Hypocrites are beings of darkness disguised in garments of light.

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

A man may be a fool with wit; but never with judgment.

Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks so will he act.

One half-penny a day will buy fool in China sufficient to enable a man to "live comfortable."

Grape Culture.

From all accounts the grape crop in the United States will be an abundant one the present year. It is stated that there are now about 4,000 acres laid out in vineyards in Ohio, half of which are in the immediate vicinity of Cincinnati. The yield last year is estimated at three hundred and fifty gallons per acre for the whole State, which is much above the usual average. From a careful estimate of the vintages for the last twelve years, the average yield for the Ohio Valley is two hundred gallons per acre; on well cultivated vineyards, in favorable positions, three hundred gallons, which is about the average product in France and Germany. In Missouri and Illinois the yield did not exceed two hundred gallons per acre, owing to the prevalence of rot; and in Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina it was very much reduced by a destructive frost in April. The hills of South Carolina and Georgia are rapidly becoming covered with vineyards. One wine-grower, Dr. McDonald, has already planted ninety acres with the grape. In regard to the variety, the Catawba suffers greatly from untimely frosts wherever they occur.—Several new species that seem less subject to disease have already been partially tried, and found to yield wines superior in quality to the Catawba, Cape, or Isabella. The Delaware is the best; the Venango, the Herbmont, the Diana, and the Norton's Virginia for red wine, all of very superior quality; and it would seem a matter of wisdom in the planting of new vineyards to introduce several varieties, in about equal proportions, instead of planting exclusively the Catawba, as we have been too much in the habit of doing. In this way there would be a chance of securing a crop of one or more kinds in seasons when others fail.—*Exchange.*

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING — ANOTHER AMERICAN CHAMPION.—The St. Louis *Bulletin*, of May 7th, has an account of the various exploits of a shooter in that city, and thus relates one of them:

"Mr. Whitehead first made a few shots at a target with a rifle and ball, boring a hole through the centre every time. He then stationed a man at the distance of ten paces and shot at a half dollar, which the person held between the thumb and finger of his hand, hitting the piece of money in the centre and knocking it out two or three times. The crowning feature of the performance was, however, to come. Mr. T. F. Lennox stationed himself at a distance of ten paces and placed a common sized lemon on the top of his head. Whitehead took a pistol and aimed at the fruit. The ball entered fairly in the centre and cut the lemon in two. We would not forget to mention that Mr. Lennox, on whose head the lemon was, stood with arms folded and coolly smoked his pipe. Had he moved an inch, or had the skill of Whitehead failed, his soul would have been sent instantly to eternity. We scarcely know whom to admire the most, Lennox for his intrepidity, or the marksman for his skill. We think Mr. Fred. Whitehead is justly entitled to the championship among marksmen, and unless some one can surpass him he will claim it."

Selling an Artist.

Mr. —— is one of our most popular artists and teachers of drawing, whose studio is but a short distance from the State House. Yesterday morning, while copying a head by Guido, Mr. A—— was interrupted by a rough looking visitor.

'Are you Mr. A., the painter?'

'I am, sir.'

'You teach creeters to draw, I believe?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Mr. A., who fancied that his visitor might be some wealthy old Jersey farmer, 'do you wish your daughter to take a few lessons?'

'No, sir, not my darter.'

'Your son, perhaps?'

'No, nor my son neether.'

'Who, then, sir? not yourself I hope.'

'No, not myself, but somebody a dern sight more dificult.'

'And who may that be?'

'A four year old mule I bought t'other day from Capt. Hambright. Learn him to draw, and dern me if I don't out pewter and give you the best hundred dollars you ever seed.'

'Leave my study, sir,' said Mr. A.; 'you're a blackguard.'

The scene closed by the countryman walking down stairs, while Mr. A. restored his equilibriam by closing the door with a slam.

The poor man can sleep tranquilly upon a mat: but two kings can't live at ease in a quarter of the world.

It matters little that you have the worst possible temper by nature, if you have the strongest possible control over it by philosophy.

"Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how old you look"—"Dare say, Bob, for the fact is, never I was so old before in my life."

There is a man in Brooklyn so knowing that people who don't know their own minds go to him for information on the subject.

Elderly unmarried ladies are considered by some persons the least enviable of all kinds of *waiting maids!*

The question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny," said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance. "No—*Mr. Pence.*"—"Ah, you have done better than I thought!"

Despise nothing because it seems weak.—The flies and locusts have done more hurt than ever the bears and lions did.

The sun is every man's servant, working every day in the year for him, and exacting no wages.

A lecturer asserted that all bitter things were hot.—"No," suggested Brown, "not a *bitter cold* day."

There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.